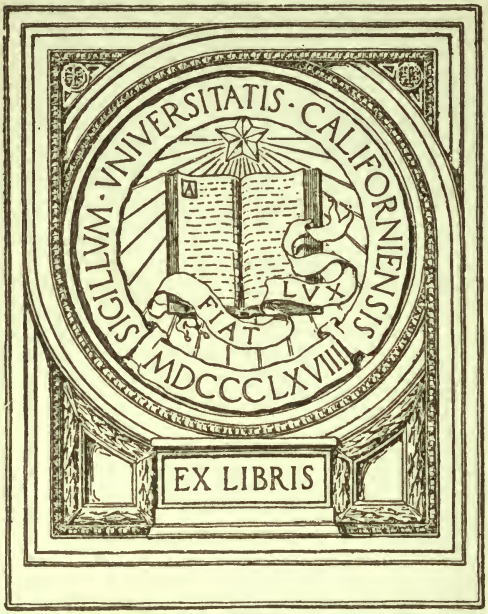
P S
3547
O4745
W4
1922
MAIN

UC-NRLF

$B 441 009

GIFT OF

AUTHOR



959
421
W

Copy 2

The Weird of Fionavar

BY

ELLA YOUNG

HE
ALBOT
RESS
OOK-
ETS

The Weird of Fionavar

Ella Young

Presented to the Library of
The University of California
[illegible]

THE WEIRD OF FIONAVAR

By

ELLA YOUNG

DUBLIN
The Talbot Press
(LIMITED)
85 Talbot Street

LONDON
T. Fisher Unwin
(LIMITED)
1 Adelphi Terrace

1922

PS 3547
O4745W4
1922
MAIN

Gift of author

PRINTED AT
the talbot press
85 TALBOT STREET
DUBLIN

TO ALYS.

Since you could make the rose more red
And silver dusk on twilight shed,
Since you could be the reed, the stream,
The light at end of every dream,
Re-make lost beauty while you look
Betwixt the leaves of this your book.

776730

Contents

	Page
The Weird of Fionavar	9
Aibric's song for Fionavar	11
A song that Aibric made for Fionavar ...	12
A song that Trostan made	13
Trostan made this	14
Fardia speaks	15
A song that Aibric made	16
Ardan made this	17
Aibric's Song	18
Fionavar's Lover	19
Fionavar	22
Aibric is reconciled	23

FOREWORD

THE tragic story of Fionavar, the Princess, daughter of Aillil and Medb, is set in the heroic legends like a strange jewel from a far country set in the boss of a war-shield—a jewel that wrought more havoc than the sword, and left a memory that disputes precedence with the hero-vaunt of Cu Chulainn.

The Weird of Fionavar.

Druid-woman, sombre eyed,
Turn the spindle at your side,
Spin a doom for Fionavar,

I spin gold and silver flame,
The world's joy when she came,
I spin for Fionavar.

Love I spin that wearieth :
White beauty quenched in death
I spin for Fionavar.

Clash of swords and reddened spears,
And slow-dropping bitter tears
I spin for Fionavar.

A king's son out of the South
To die for one kiss of her mouth
I spin for Fionavar.

Sun and moon and flowering grass,
Songs that live and songs that pass
I spin for Fionavar.

On my spindle gold and red,
Silver, green, and purple thread
And black—for Fionavar.

Aibric's song for Fionavar

SHE is the slender blossomed thorn,
She is the heart-beat of the Spring,
The faint sweet music before morn,
She, the light swallow on the wing.

She is the maid-moon young and white,
The queen that has the heavens for home—
I am the lonely wind of night,
I am the spent sea's bitter foam.

A song that Aibric made for Fionavar

GOLD leaves and leaves of silver
On every tree,
White lilies in the lake-water—
And love is gone from me !

She was the sweet wind blowing
In April from the South,
Redder than quicken berries
The redness of her mouth.

She was the wild swan flying
Far-off when winds are chill :
She was the cloud at sunrise
On the dark crest of the hill.

A song that Trostan made

If I were a king's son
I would give you a white hound
In a leash of silver,
I would give you a white stallion
From over the sea.
I would give you a cloak of purple
Wrought with findruiny,
And shoes of white bronze,
If I were a king's son.

You would talk with me
In the bright-coloured palace :
You would be glad at my coming,
If I were a king's son.

Trostan made this

THE hawk in the cliff of Ben Edair
Knows that I am stricken.

The otter knows
In the pool by the hurdles.

Love has a short blossoming—
But the dead remember it.

Fardia speaks

LIKE the young crescent moon,
Like a star in still water,
Like a sword, is Fionavar :
Redder than dawn she is,
Stranger than death.

A song that Aibric made

LONG-LEGGED heron
If you had a wish
You would ask the gods
For one small fish :
And the gods might give you one.
I would ask the sun
Out of the sky,
The gods would laugh
And pass by.

Ardan made this

WITH chains of silver two and two
Bound together I gave you
Fifty snow-white hounds.

You gave me the sun and moon.
Angus has not in his dùn
Or Mananann beneath the sea
Half the treasure you gave me.

But ah, my grief ! would I had known
What your gift was, and kept my own !

Aibric's Song

FOLK of the Sidhe-Mound under the hill,
I hear their music when the wind is still.

Fionavar, Fionavar,
You need not fear the drifting snow
Fionavar, the road you go.

I hear their high sweet voices singing
When the wind goes past :
I hear their secret laughter bringing
You home at last.

Fionavar, Fionavar,
You need not fear the burning sun
Fionavar, when day is done.

Fionavar's Lover

On every yett of his horse's mane
He had nine bells of gold;
The purple sea-stain in his cloak
Wrought with white findruiney.

"Now who is this," the proud Queen said,
"Some rover from the South!"
But Fionavar stepped lightly down
And kissed him on the mouth.

Maeve shook out on her shoulder
Her twisted locks of hair,
"O many a king has knelt to me
For Fionavar the Fair.

But will you swim the wan water
Where the druid hazels are
And break a branch of the crimson fruit
For love of Fionavar?"

He set himself to the wan water
No living man had crossed;
She watched him grasp the crimson fruit—
She knew who plucked was lost!

The Piast of the wan water
Rose up through the dark tide :
" A kiss ! a kiss to me, King's Son,
Before you mount and ride !"

Her loathly body round his feet
Was strong as iron bands :
He took the druid branch in his teeth
And fought her with his hands.

Fionavar lifted his sword—
O but her face was wan !
She cried to him with a great cry :
Cried and ran.

Her mother caught her as she passed
By the long locks of her hair :
" The tide runs deep in the Kelpies' Pool,
You'll tryst no lover there !"

The white wave lipped him cheek and chin,
The black wave lipped his head :
The third wave held him at her feet
When he was drowned and dead.

"O sorrow on you for this ill deed,
Black sorrow on your pride!
You put death-bands on your own daughter
By the wan water side!"

"Red fruit that's red with my Love's blood,
Stain red, stain red my mouth!
And let the hearts that longed for me
Be emptied of love's drouth.

My tryst and troth I'll keep with him
That was my only love,
Though the river sand is under his head
And the wan water above."

Fionavar

O FLAME blown out of Tir-nan-Oge,
White Flame borne on enchanted air,
O heart's delight and heart's despair,
O Fionavar ! O Fionavar !

Draw the white shroud above her face
And cover up her close-shut eyes,
She will not hear a voice that cries
O Fionavar ! O Fionavar !

O Love that none of us might win,
By strange lone ways to us you came,
And lone you go, White Heart of Flame,
O Fionavar ! O Fionavar !

Pale face that held our hearts in thrall,
Pale face, made paler by our love,
We could but draw the shroud above,
O Fionavar ! O Fionavar !

Frail hands no mortal lover kissed,
Fair-folded now as Death beseems,
You hide away the Dream of Dreams,
O Fionavar ! O Fionavar !

Aibric is reconciled

Day by day the sun
  Climbs the wide sky,
The little stream has its song,
  The wind goes by.

The earth that is wise and old
  Dreams and stirs in her sleep—
How could we mortals hold
  A treasure she wished to keep?

All loveliness to dust at last,
All loveliness goes down they say
Like roses when the Summer's past
And Love and Wisdom die away.

And yet I think the Earth is glad
For joy that old-time lovers had,
And Autumn burns a fiercer red
For sake of lovers that are dead.

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS
WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH
DAY AND TO $1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY
OVERDUE.

MAR 23 1935
DEC 13 1935
APR 15 1936
MAR 1 1938
MAR 15 1938
APR 15 1938
REC. CIR. DEC 7 '77
NOV 14 1977

Pamphlet
Binder
Gaylord Bros.
Makers
Syracuse, N. Y.
PAT. JAN 21, 1908

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES
C055080384

776730

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY